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WHAT THE PUBLIC CANNOT FORGET

LABOR DAY, 1916, instead of marking the start of the most formidable railroad strike that ever menaced the country, finds calamity averted and fear for the present dispelled.

The President's pressure upon Congress saved the day. The only legislative measure certain to meet the emergency was promptly passed. The brotherhood leaders sent their telegrams. The strike is off.

The country is thankful. But it is also thoughtful—as is likely to remain so for a time.

While the union leaders, though declaring that the Eight Hour law "does not contain all we should have liked to have," nevertheless take cautious stock of what they hope is victory; while the railway presidents scowl over the "humiliating surrender" to which Congress has been forced, promising, however, to accept the law, pending the six to nine months' investigation which is one of its provisions; while the two contestants are figuring out what they have gained or lost by their manoeuvres, the general public, freed from a sense of impending disaster, can get a clearer view of what has happened.

It invites both capital and labor to join it in the survey.

When a tie-up of all the nation's railroads was threatened, what was the situation? Had the country done anything to draw upon itself vengeance either from railroad managers or from railroad employees? Had it mistreated either? Had it incurred penalties of any sort?

On the contrary. It had gone on, as always, giving the railroads unstintingly of its patronage and money, furnishing millions upon millions of dollars to pay the wages of railroad employees, the salaries of railroad executives and the dividends of railroad stockholders.

As between men and managers it played no favorites. It believed in fair hours and fair pay. It believed in a fair hearing for all grievances.

All the country asked in return for what it gave the railroads was uninterrupted maintenance of an indispensable public service.

Yet, when internal differences arose in these great corporations—differences for which the country was not responsible and with which it had nothing to do—over whom did threats hang darkest? Whose interests were chiefly ignored? Who was to be penalized?

That is what the public cannot forget. Nor, while it holds no brief for the railroads nor for the methods by which they have piled upon themselves in the past most of the load of which they complain at present, can the public forget that it was the unions and their leaders who last month most loudly and recklessly menaced the nation with a demonstration of their strength.

In one respect the public's attitude toward strikes has changed. It still believes in the freedom of the employee. It still believes in his right to claim fair treatment from his employer. But, in the case of common forms of public service upon which millions of men and women depend as necessary means of business or convenience, the public has more recently provided elaborate safeguards—Public Service Commissions, Commerce Commissions, etc.—against abuse of power on the part of corporations that maintain such public services.

Meanwhile it has begun to think employees of such corporations should consider themselves also responsible to the public. It sees no reason why, since the conditions of their labor are peculiarly subject to public or official scrutiny, they should not address themselves rather to the public or its representatives for the enforcement of their rights.

Less and less can it see any reason why millions of people should be deprived of an indispensable public utility—transportation or light, for example—pending an adjustment which can be arrived at equally well without one hour's suspension of the service.

While the country is turning over in its mind such thoughts, affecting labor in general no less than public utility labor in particular; while the question is being asked more insistently than ever from all sides why the Clayton Act left the labor unions immune from restrictions imposed upon other kinds of organizations in restraint of trade—labor has little reason to gloat over a victory.

Capital emerges from the railroad mix-up with little credit. But labor comes out lame indeed. It was a bad hour for the unions when the railroad brotherhoods set out to demonstrate a power bigger than the rights of 100,000,000 people. The power didn't demonstrate. But the nation is still pondering the threat.

We wonder if Labor will use its Day this year to study out where it stands.

Hits From Sharp Wits

On the whole, we doubt if there is anything a woman derives more honest, downright enjoyment from than a good cry.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

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Living in a fool's paradise may have its compensations in the saying that where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise.—Milwaukee News.

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Of the faith of the woman who prays for rain and then goes to a picnic there is not much to be said.—Toledo Blade.

Another strange superstition is that the rockers on the chairs at home are longer on lodge nights than at any other time.—Toledo Blade.

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It is always a friend who "thinks you ought to know" who tells you the devilish things other people say about you.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

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Statistics themselves move in mysterious ways their wonders to perform.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Letters From the People

High Schools to Open Sept. 25 or Later.

Many letters have reached the editor asking about the opening date of public and high schools. It is the present intention of the Board of Education to begin the fall term on or after Sept. 25. The date has not been set, but it will not be before that day. This affects all schools, both grade and high schools, under the department's jurisdiction.

More Stupid.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If a person is more stupid than another is it correct to say stupider or more stupid? E. E.

B Wins.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A says that Austria-Hungary belongs to Germany. B denies it. Who is right? A.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Has Dr. Waite been executed? J. T. W.

A Is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A maintains that under the Anglo-Saxon system of jurisprudence a person accused of a crime is considered innocent until his guilt has been proven, whereas B holds that a person accused of a crime is considered guilty until he has proven himself innocent. Who is correct? A. H.

Neither Is Formal; My Dear Sounds More Affectionate.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which is more formal, in writing to a friend, "Dear" or "My Dear"? J. S.

No. 2 Rector Street, New York City.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Give me the address of Eliot Norton, who is seeking volunteers for American Ambulance Corps in France. L. R. E.

See American Newspaper Directory.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Let me know the papers that are published in Houston County, Cal. M. B. B.

Men Who Fail

By J. H. Cassel

"They'd work me to death in this place if I'd let them."

Just a Wife (Her Diary.)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

CHAPTER LXI.

OCT. 16 (continued).—"You never knew Jean Talbot," Patty went on. "She was a girl I met at boarding school, and we've corresponded ever since. She lives in Philadelphia.

"My dear, her husband is a rich man, but she literally has not one penny in her purse. She entertains lavishly, she has two motor cars, she has accounts at two or three shops, but her husband positively refuses to give her even the smallest personal allowance. Yet she is the mother of his three children, and when the last two—twins—were born she nearly died. The doctors say she never will be really strong again.

"Her people live in a small Middle Western town. Because her husband doesn't believe in cultivating in-laws she hasn't visited them since her marriage five years ago. She could not confess to her own parents that the man she married refused to give her railway fare, so she strained her inventive powers to think up plausible lies for avoiding the visit.

"She knew, she told me, that a colder note was creeping into the letters from home. But the climax came when her little sister, whom she had mothered from babyhood, was threatened with tuberculosis. The doctor said that only a trip to Colorado could save the child's life. Jean's people are poor and her father is too old to work. They appealed to her. She went to her husband, for she knew that the necessary hundreds would be nothing to him.

"He refused to give her the money. He refused even to let her sell jewelry he had given her. She is a soft, gentle little thing, and she hadn't the will power to defy him. She wrote her parents that she could not get the money. This time she didn't try to think of any lying excuse. But they wouldn't believe her, and they told her she was no longer their daughter and that they had mortgaged their home to send the little sister away."

"But why didn't she"—I hesitated over the word, yet finally brought it out—"divorce him?"

"My dear Mollie, she had no grounds for divorce," Petty replied. "Her husband had provided her with shelter, food, clothes and medical attendance. Under the law he is not obliged to give her money.

"She writes me that every one thinks it so queer that she never contributes to church or charitable affairs. Her husband's name is on subscription lists, but it never occurs to him that she may care to help any cause.

"It's all very well to talk of parasites," Patty ended, her voice quivering with indignation. "But no wife who is a conscientious and hard-working mother should feel herself a dependent upon her husband's bounty."

"It is awful," I sighed. "But things like that can't happen when two persons love each other."

"That depends on whether the man means by 'love' what the woman means—unselfish consideration," Patty observed dryly.

Poor dear, I should think she would be a pessimist about men. Of course Ned is different from the rest.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

NOWADAYS the muscles of a man's heart aren't strong enough to hold any one object for more than a few weeks at a time.

"Love's Old Sweet Song"—At twenty a girl fancies she can pick it out with one finger; at thirty, she plays it skilfully with both hands; at forty she hums it softly to the measure of a lullaby.

A confirmed bachelor is so sure of his ability to dodge that he is willing to amuse every pretty girl he meets by handing her a rope and daring her to catch him.

A man ceases to believe in love when he can no longer feel it, a woman when she can no longer inspire it.

Men are like the park squirrels—if you fling your charms or your favors at them they will never come up and "eat out of your hand."

A man's heart may be fickle; but his methods of lovemaking, alas! are as changeless as the stars.

A man will stick to a woman who crucifies him, but never to one who bores him.

A woman may eventually succeed in curing all a man's egotism except his feeling of superiority to her own sex.

To a man the end of love is an episode; to a woman it is an epitaph.

Court in haste and repent in harness.

The First Labor Day Celebration

THE first celebration of Labor Day in America was on Sept. 5, 1882, when a parade was held in New York under the auspices of the newly organized Central Labor Union of the metropolis. P. J. McGuire first made the suggestion of a parade of organized labor. William McCabe, who was chosen to lead the procession as Grand Marshal, had only a small company of men behind him when the parade started from the City Hall, and they came in for much jeering from the crowd. At Astor Place a number of organizations joined the marchers, and when the parade passed in review at Union Square there were 2,500 men in line. William McCabe, the leader of this pioneer parade of the organized toilers, was a printer by trade and a native of New Zealand. Coming to America in 1849, when two years old, his parents settled in California. At the age of fifteen he enlisted in a cavalry troop which served in the Civil War. Later he fought the Indians in the Northwest, and then received a commission in the patriot army of Mexico, which was engaged in driving out the European invaders. He then became a printer, first in San Francisco and later in New York. P. J. McGuire, the father of Labor Day, was for some time Secretary of the American Federation of Labor, and worked unremittingly to secure the general adoption of the labor holiday.

To secure a contented spirit, measure your desires by your fortunes, not your fortunes by your desires.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

Holding Customers.

"SALESMEN are inclined to think too much of the customers they're going to get and not enough about holding those that they have," remarked a sales manager recently.

"It requires a good deal less effort to hold a customer than to gain one and I'm always emphasizing this in talking to my sales force. Most new customers are a result of some competitor's mistakes. There's food for thought in that idea.

"When I stepped into this job I had the bookkeeper supply me with a list of customers gained and lost during the year just passed.

"I found that we had gained about 500 customers and lost about 350, making a net gain of 150. 'But why did we lose 350 and why did our competitors lose 500?' I pondered. 'Why did 850 concerns change their buying connections in this territory within a year?'

"A quiz of the salesmen revealed nothing. I hired a man to get out and interview the 350 who had left us. Here's what he discovered as causes of the shift:

24 per cent—Carelessness in shipping department.

15 per cent—Too stringent credit policy.

17 per cent—Carelessness and impudence on the part of the salesman.

11 per cent—Goods were unsatisfactory for buyer's purpose.

10 per cent—Salesman had exceeded his authority in quoting terms and discounts.

To the balance of 23 per cent. no particular cause could be assigned covering all.

"But this gave me something from which to work. The shipping department was promptly overhauled and reorganized. The credit department was notified to mend its ways. Several salesmen were treated to heart to heart talks.

"Finally it was concluded to make a united effort for a better showing the following year. Close attention to this feature, holding what we gained, resulted in our losing only seventy-eight customers that year, as against 350 the previous one. Since then we have steadily improved our record in this connection."

ONE of the queerest farms in the world is the snake farm at Butantan, in the State of Sao Paulo, Brazil, where thousands of poisonous snakes of all varieties are kept in captivity, says Popular Science Monthly. The venom is removed from these reptiles and injected into the veins of a number of young horses kept for that purpose. Thousands of tubes of serum are distributed from this institution every year, and much has been done to reduce the high mortality rate resulting from snake bites.

Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces.

By Albert Payson Terhune

A LICKPENNY LOVER; By O. Henry.

MAISIE was eighteen, and she was very pretty. Also, she was as wise as any other true daughter of Manhattan, and all day she worked at the glove counter.

Irving Carter was twenty-nine. He was a millionaire man-about-town. He had wandered all over the world in his time, and love had yet to find him.

One day, losing the gloves he was carrying, and not wanting to go home for another pair, he wandered into the nearest store, and was directed to the glove counter.

Maisie waited on him. And, at sight, he fell in love with her.

After a few bashful remarks, which she did not discourage, Carter summoned up enough courage to say:

"I earnestly hope you will allow me the pleasure of seeing you again. It is with the greatest respect that I ask the favor of becoming one of your acquaintances. May I not hope for the privilege?"

"Sure," answered Maisie, her knowledge of the world telling her he was sincere, "I guess you're all right. I don't usually go out with strange gentlemen, though. It ain't quite ladylike."

Every evening for the next two weeks, Carter and Maisie met. She could not invite him to her home, as she explained very early in their acquaintance. When he asked leave to call, she replied:

"Oh, gee! no. If you could see our flat, once! There's five of us in three rooms. I'd just like to see ma's face if I was to bring a gentleman friend there!"

So they used to walk in the park instead. And, daily, Irving Carter found himself more and more hopelessly in love with this glorious Girl of the People, who was so refreshingly different from the women in his own walk of life.

One evening, as they sat on a secluded park bench, Carter faltered nervously:

A Park Romance.

"Maisie, you surely know I love you. I ask you to marry me. It is in my power to give you a life of luxury. My social position is beyond dispute, and my means are ample."

"They all say that," returned Maisie. "I suppose you really work in a delicatessen."

"I can furnish you all the proofs you want!" he declared. "And I loved you the first day I saw you."

"They all do," she laughed. "Ain't you the kidder!"

Yet, as he urged his suit, she began to see how terribly in earnest he was, and her own heart began to answer the love-cry of his. Carter realised the impression he was making, and he exclaimed:

"Marry me, Maisie, and we will go away from this ugly city to beautiful ones! I know where I should take you. Just think of a shore where summer is eternal! We will sail to those shores. There are grand and lovely palaces and towers, full of beautiful pictures and statues. We will visit India, and ride on elephants, and see the wonderful temples; and the camel trains and the chariot races in Persia; and all the queer sights of foreign countries."

A Queer Proposal.

Maisie had listened with growing coldness. Now she jumped to her feet.

"I think I'd better be going home," she announced, stiffly. "It's getting late."

The next day, when Maisie went to her place behind the glove counter, one of her fellow-salesgirls asked her:

"How are you and your swell friend making it?"

Maisie turned up her nose in lofty contempt as she made answer:

"Oh, him? He ain't in it any more. What do you think that fellow wanted me to do?"

"Go on the stage?"

"Nit! He's too cheap a guy for that. He wanted me to marry him and go down to Coney Island for a wedding tour."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

WHEN Mr. Jarr came home the other evening Mrs. Jarr was in a state of most pleasurable excitement and blurted out: "Guess the news! Cora Hickett is engaged to be married at last!"

"Is sho?" asked Mr. Jarr nonchalantly.

"Yes, and Cora and the young man are here; he's so very anxious to meet you," said Mrs. Jarr.

"This hot weather?" remarked Mr. Jarr. "I didn't think anybody cared to meet anything but a cake of ice."

"It has been warm," replied Mrs. Jarr, "but, do you know, we didn't seem to mind it. I suppose it's because the young man Cora Hickett is engaged to is so interesting. She says he belongs to the leisure classes."

So Mr. Jarr was led into the front room, where a lank, disconsolate young man with very blond hair sat glooming by the window, while his fiancee sat by him fanning him assiduously.

"Cora, you know," giggled Mrs. Jarr, "and her friend, Mr.—Mr."——

"Mr. Swink," giggled the mature Miss Hickett in turn. "Alfred—that is, I mean Mr. Swink—has been so anxious to meet you. He's heard so much of you."

If the lanky young man with the very blond hair was anxious to meet Mr. Jarr he did not evince either joy or eagerness. "How do?" he murmured sadly and gave Mr. Jarr a limp, moist hand. Then he looked gloomily out of the window.

"Alfred—that is, I mean Mr. Swink—is just crazy to live in one of the suburbs," gurgled Miss Hickett. "As for me, I could be content anywhere—really, Mrs. Jarr, I feel embarrassed, don't you know!"

"Oh, Mr. Jarr knows you two are engaged," replied Mrs. Jarr archly. "Mr. Jarr remembers the days we planned for our home, don't you, dear?"

"Eh, what?" asked Mr. Jarr.

Mrs. Jarr repeated her remarks, while Miss Hickett leaned forward and tapped the good lady with the fan as if to say, "Spare our blushes!"

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Jarr playfully to Miss Hickett. "And, besides, you must let Mr. Swink have his way, for you are shortly to promise to love, honor and obey. That is, unless you are an advanced woman and will have the 'obey' omitted, Cora."

"I guess not!" replied Miss Hickett indignantly. "I will promise everything."

"And anything—till you get him. It's always the way," thought Mr. Jarr.

"But don't you think you would be more with each other living in the city?" asked Mr. Jarr. "What does Mr. Swink say?"

Mr. Swink said in a low, hesitating voice that he did not care. Then he asked if they would mind if he smoked.

"Certainly not," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Mr. Jarr has cigars." But the melancholy Mr. Swink drew out a cigarette case and a box of matches and there was quite a skirmish between him and his fiancee, she wanting to light the cigarette for him and he evidently preferring to light it himself.

"And now," said Mrs. Jarr gushingly, "we should have something to celebrate the event to be. Eh, Cora?"

"Alfred—that is, Mr. Swink—doesn't drink, or says he doesn't. The naughty boy thinks he pleases me in that," said Miss Hickett.

The naughty boy groaned and then choked, but said nothing.

"Now you must begin right and must make home comfortable for him," remarked Mrs. Jarr, with an anxious eye on the victim. "I allow Mr. Jarr to have everything he wants in the house, then he has no excuse to go anywhere for anything. Not that he ever wanted to!" she added. "Shall I make a pitcher of claret lemonade?"

Mr. Jarr blinked. "I'll take a highball," he said.

"Certainly, dear!" replied Mrs. Jarr cordially, and she tripped gayly off to get the refreshments as if to show the bachelor that a married life was one of great joy, abundant personal freedom and grateful ministrations on the part of cheerful, loving wives. The bride-elect tripped after her.

Suddenly young Mr. Swink leaned over and grasped Mr. Jarr's arm: "Can you get me a job?" he asked eagerly.

Mr. Jarr shook his head.

The melancholy young man sobbed, "Then there's no help for me, I've got to get married!" he groaned, "for a guy has got to live, hasn't he?"

"Not necessarily," said Mr. Jarr.

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

IN VENICE, mule-drawn vehicles are forced to give the right of way to gondolas.

Cases of sunburn are very rare in coal mines at depths over 53,345 feet.

Although Zimpville laws prohibit sparrows, apparently the sparrows don't read 'em.

A new device has been invented to prevent telephonic conversations from sliding backwards where the wires are strung uphill at an angle of more than forty-five degrees.